













## A DOUBLE DISOBEDIENCE

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK]

"I have plenty to do!" cried Kilmeny, and she fell into a little fit of musing. "Yes—I see you cantering about on your pony most days," he said. "You must let me join you sometime, Miss Richmond. I should like to fill up my time that way. What else do you do?"

Your energy is refreshing. "I dance when my partner can rouse himself to come with me. Does your languor cause you not to notice that the band is beginning to play again, and that we shall lose the dance if you continue so oblivious of what is going on?" "Come, then!" he said, standing up. "I don't want to miss the dance any more than you do. I was watching you during the last waltz, and it struck me that even dancing might have charms under some circumstances. Those circumstances have arrived."

"You should not have been watching. You should have been attending to some one else."

"I was attending, and that most diligently. I observed that you were absorbed in what you were doing, and that your partner looked uncommonly happy. I had a curiosity to find out if my sentiments would be anything like his if I were in his place."

"And are they?" Kilmeny asked, laughing. "I can fancy what he was like, only I am certain mine are very much more so."

"Well, it is a mercy to bring some pleasure into your barren life! Even if it only lasts while we are dancing, it is a consoling thought. I am glad that I dance well. No, no—not at all for your sake, but entirely for my own. And you are the best partner that I have had this evening—there is no doubt about that."

Lord de Bryne glanced down in the girl's face with a look which she could not quite understand. Her frankness took him continually by surprise, and he did not yet know what to make of her. Kilmeny flashed a little under his gaze. "It is no harm to say that?" he inquired. "You said something like it to me."

"It is no harm," he answered. "It is years since anybody told me that I did anything well—that was all."

Lady Penryth, watching the pair, thought that the man was doing his part well, and a contemptuous smile curled her lip. She turned to Mr. Daryl, who stood near, always watching Kilmeny. "Would a match like that suit your notions?" she asked. "To be sure, he has run through most of his money, and has not the very best of reputations, but of course your *protege* could reform him. Such a work would suit her innocent ideas. However, from all I hear, the young lady seems to be already provided for. She was always running about the country with a man named Warrender until you picked her up."

As she mentioned the name "Warrender," she gave her brother a keen penetrating glance.

"She runs about with him no more," Mr. Daryl said. "I have put a stop to it, and you must do the rest. Stick at nothing to end that folly. I am of course aware that de Bryne has heard something from you, or he would not take the trouble to notice the girl."

"You don't fancy that a man of his family would marry a nameless girl except to gain some exceedingly tangible advantage? I gave you credit for having abandoned the fiction of love, at least."

"He shall find a tangible advantage if he marries her. Leave that to me."

Lord de Bryne was bringing his partner back to Lady Penryth, and the two stood beside the brother and sister. Kilmeny like some exquisite wild flower. Mr. Daryl's face lit up with something like exultant pride as he looked at her. "Well, Miss Richmond," he said, "you thought this room only wanted people, and now that that want has been supplied, does it suit you better?"

"It wants one thing yet. You promised that you would let me walk all round it with you and see it from every side. I have been waiting for that the whole evening."

She moved to Mr. Daryl's side and glanced up into his face with those dark eyes into which any unwonted emotion cast a shade of melancholy. Mr. Daryl looked at her for a moment and then offered her his arm. They went away together. The other two were silent until they had gone some distance.

"What is she?" Lord de Bryne asked abruptly. "Is she a girl whose frankness stands her in better stead than the most consummate art, or is she the most designing woman whom it has ever been my lot to meet?"

"She is deep enough to make fools of us all, my brother included, if we do not take care. I know nothing but that. To the world she has hitherto been merely the daughter of a Doctor Richmond, an obscure country practitioner. Her mother is close by, living in a cottage belonging to a person called Warrender. I may warn you that in him you will find your greatest danger."

"Warrender? Christopher Warrender of Merriale? Does he know her?" "Yes. If you have heard any damaging stories about him, I advise you to let Miss Richmond hear one or two in a casual manner."

"I am afraid that I know none."

"More than any other part of the evening, but I had time to observe that you paid no attention to my admonition. You have relapsed into laziness ever since I left you."

"Oh, I never try to do any better! What is the good of life if one does not suit oneself? Do you know all the people here? Mr. Daryl has made a careful selection, and every one whom he asks always comes. There are a few unhappy wretches who are biting their nails with vexation at being left out."

"How do you know?" the girl asked curiously. "It seems to me as if everybody must be here."

"I miss the party from Monkton Castle. For my part, I never could see the sense of interfering with people or bothering about whether they are straight-laced or not. One does hear queer stories about Lord Monkton, and they are a wild set, if one is to credit all that people say, but what is that to anybody else?"

"It ought to make a difference. One ought to choose one's friends. I am glad to know, for instance, from what you say, that everybody here is the right sort of person. I like Mr. Daryl for that."

"Do you? Well, it seems quite different to me. Then there is Warrender—Warrender of Merriale. I never quite believed that any of the stories about him were true until I missed him to-night."

"Mr. Warrender?" Kilmeny said uncertainly. "Yes. He lives quite close to Mr. Daryl, and belongs to a good family. I suppose it is because our host got too much of that kind of thing from his own people that he is so particular now."

"What do you mean? What kind of thing?" "Oh, well, one does not speak of it openly. Some of his wild acts generally takes pretty much the same form. And there was some excuse for him, for he did not expect to be rich, and I dare not say that he wanted to get some enjoyment out of his money."

"I do not believe any stories. I know Mr. Warrender, and I am certain that they are not true, if they are bad ones!" Lord de Bryne brought his gaze to her face with a look of concern and commotion.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured. "I would not have said a word if I had known that Warrender was an acquaintance of yours! But I understood from you that you were a stranger and knew nobody. You are quite right to stand up for your friend, and for my part, I am sure that nothing they say about him is true. I, too, never believe these things; they are no concern of mine."

"Then you should not speak about them," Kilmeny said, holding her head very high. "It is not right to take away a man's character first, and then to say that you don't believe the stories. Besides, I know that you do believe in them. You said what you did only when you found out that I knew Mr. Warrender. He is much better away from this place if people talk as you do."

"I am really awfully sorry," he answered, with a look of what seemed to the girl to be genuine contrition. "I am your friend that is enough. I will believe that he is everything that is good. Please forgive me for retelling gossip, and forget what has been said. I shall not rest until you tell me that I am obnoxious."

"I thought that nothing mattered to you? Let me say no more about it."

"Some things matter to me. If I am careless and let people manage their own affairs, I do not want to be unjust."

"Let us change the subject. Don't tell me any more of the exclusions from the ball. Tell me about the people who are here. They are all good and irreproachable, and have never done anything wrong in their lives. I know you and Lady Penryth and Mr. Daryl. Tell me about some of the others."

Lord de Bryne had to look away to hide his smile. "I don't pretend that I have never done anything wrong," he said. "Goodness knows, I have had a sin on my conscience. Your rebuke is just, Miss Richmond. But of late, you see, I have turned over a new leaf, and am quite steady now. Mr. Daryl, too, has become a man of benevolence, and Lady Penryth is reconciled to her brother. So we are a commendation."

But Kilmeny's brow was clouded during the rest of the time that they were together.

Kilmeny had taken the latchkey, and she let herself in on her return home. There was a lamp lighted for her in the hall, and she made her solitary way to her own room, which she occupied alone. She longed to see her mother, though it had been arranged that no one should sit up for her, and she felt a terrible loneliness for the first time in her life as she sat down in all her finery on the side of her bed and looked around her. Her father was far away, and Christopher Warrender seemed to be separated from her in some inexplicable fashion. He scarcely ever called, and then only when she was out.

Kilmeny's thoughts went back miserably to the evening when they had dined at his house, which seemed to her now to have been the last happy time that she had known. Her mother had been different ever since, and had treated Christopher differently. Could it be that these stories which Lord de Bryne had spoken of as notorious had come to her when she looked Kilmeny? The girl's face looked drawn and pale in the flickering light of the lamp as she sat there upon the bed, with her gay ball dress crumpled around her. She laid it as she rose and put it off before she crept into bed, her heart aching and her mind full of unrest.

The next day Jessica brought her breakfast to the bedside to her, and Mrs. Richmond followed, with a kind wistful face, to look at her daughter. Jessica was eager to hear all about the ball, and Kilmeny tried to tell it with her usual spirit, conscious all the time that her account was a failure. She knew that Mrs. Rich-

mond was watching and listening anxiously—less to what Kilmeny said than to how she said it—but, when it was over, she went away, and Kilmeny was left alone again.

The sound of Chris Warrender's voice outside and the trampling of his horse's feet presently aroused her. She sprang from her bed and placed herself where she could hear what he had to say. He seemed to have brought his horse close to the window of the sitting-room in order to speak to Mrs. Richmond.

"Good morning. All are well, I suppose?" "All are well, thank you."

"Have you heard from Doctor Richmond?" "No—there has been no time yet."

"Well, good morning, Mrs. Richmond, good morning."

The horse drew back from the window, and Kilmeny could hear his retreating footsteps as Christopher rode away. She dressed hastily and went downstairs. Mrs. Richmond was alone when she entered the sitting-room, and her eyes looked as if they had been lately filled with tears.

"Mamma," Kilmeny said abruptly, "Chris has been here. I could hear all that you said from my window. He did not ask for me, you did not invite him in. I want to know what has made the change?"

"Dear Kilmeny, when Chris comes now you are nearly always out, and I dare say that disappoints him."

"That might account for the change in him, but not for the change in you. It began that evening in his garden."

Kilmeny spoke in a voice which faltered in spite of her resolution. If Mrs. Richmond confessed to having heard anything against Christopher, anything which she believed to such an extent as to make her resolve to put an end to the intimacy between him and her family, Kilmeny felt as if nothing was worth living for. She would not care then what became of her or where she went. But Mrs. Richmond was silent.

"You heard something that evening," Kilmeny went on in her trembling voice—"something which made you anxious to break off acquaintance with Chris. You wrote to papa next morning about it. Chris knows you wrote, and you and he are only waiting to hear what papa will say. Chris comes here no more until papa has written. Mamma, I heard something last night that gave me an idea what it was about, but I could not believe it. If it is true, if you are convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that it is true, do not speak. Just be silent, and I shall know what to think. I could not bear to have it put into words."

Her straining ears waited for a sound, but none came, and when she looked at Mrs. Richmond she was weeping.

"Mind, I don't know what it is," cried Kilmeny. "It was only a whisper which reached me, and I said that I did not believe it, but it must be true. Don't tell me any more. I could not bear it. Let us never speak of it again."

"I hoped it might be arranged somehow," said Mrs. Richmond. "I hoped you might not have to leave me, darling. Even now, if your father were home, something might be done. But he has not even had time to write, and I do not know what to do."

"Could we not go away? We need not stay in this house!" Kilmeny cried wretchedly, sitting down to her mother's feet and looking up into her face. "If we cannot speak to—to Mr. Warrender, or have anything to do with him, we ought not to be in his house. Let us leave at once."

TO BE CONTINUED

"The Twentieth Century Home" is forging ahead in popularity. Every month the table of contents is large, timely and varied: the illustrations profuse and beautiful, and the general appearance of the pages most artistic. For October we note among the illustrated articles: "Women Who Conquer Beauty," by Lucia Trevor Lee; "The Splendor of the Wealthy Russians," by Thorndike Colton; "Some Curious Bibles," by Lillian I. Harris; "Southampton's Floral Parade," by H. H. Boyesen, 23; "The Owl Settlers of the Dakota Prairies," by Herbert M. Job; "Some Romances of the British Peerage," by Lady Violet Grey; "Olive-Oil and Olive-Oil Making," by Delora Otis, and charming account of the two little Italian Princesses by Grace Elery Channing. M. V. O'Shea has a paper which should be read by every parent as a teacher in the land. It is called "The Treatment of Evil in the Training of Children" and advocates a positive instruction in wholesome activities rather than a negative treatment of vice and evil. Ralston Pyke contributes his delightful monthly essay. This time the subject is "The Prospective Jealousy." Elizabeth M. Gilmer continues her series why "Why Women Fail as Mothers." The Home Departments are as useful and valuable as ever.

Two young men of this neighborhood were rivals for the hand of a pretty girl. One of them was poor and handsome, and the other was a slow-witted fellow with considerable money. The capitalistic one conceived the idea of buying off his rival. He offered him \$100 to go away and stay away for six months. The poor young man said he would consider the matter. And he did—in company with the girl. They agreed to take the money of the young man, get married and go away together. The deal was completed, and the poor young man got his money and started for Denver. But he stopped at the first station, where he was joined by his lady-love, and they were married by a justice of the peace. The rich young man consulted a lawyer and was told that he had no grounds for a suit; that the young man kept his agreement by going away; that it was not stipulated that he should go alone. And the local paper says the town is laughing at the thought of that honeymoon trip at the expense of a rival. —Kansas Enterprise.

An unusual and much appreciated addition to a baby's toy is a small hot water bottle just the size to fit the tiny abdomen during a colicky spell. A pretty flannel cover makes it dainty enough to place in even the dressy hamper.

Did you ever write one of the children (your own or a neighbor's) a letter when they were convalescing from some illness or kept indoors by inclement weather? The pleasure derived from a little letter of one's own, compensates for the slight effort needed.

From falling leaf to falling leaf, How strange it was to find all the year, In all its joy and all its grief, You did not know I loved you, dear; Through all the winter-time and spring, You smiled and watch'd me come and go, Through all the summer blossoming, How strange it was you did not know.

Your face shone from my earth and sky, Your voice was in my heart as when, Days were as dreams when you were by, And nights of dreaming linked the days; In my great joy I craved so much, My life lay trembling at your hand; I prayed you for one magic touch, How strange you did not understand.

From leaf to leaf, the trees are bare, The autumn wind is cold and stern, And outlined in the clear sharp air, Like a new world for me to learn; Stranger than all, dear friend, to-day, You take my hand and do not know A thousand years have passed away Since last we were—when I loved you so.

ALL OVER THE HOUSE Some Simple Labor-Saving Rules For Pantry and Kitchen

When the cooler comes, tin or glass receptacles should be at hand and the contents of each bag or package emptied at once, the lid carefully put in place and the name of the contents written on a label. If small boxes of labels, such as sell for 5 cents a box, are kept on hand, it is an easy matter to write the name on the label and stick it on the outside of the box or jar. Much time may be saved in this way, as it will not be necessary to remove the lid to discover what the jar contains.

When purchasing your weekly supplies, buy an extra box of soap each week till you have a dozen or more cakes that you can use in place of the fresh soap that just came. Cut each cake in halves and place them where they will become well dried out. In use, rotation, being careful to use the oldest pieces first. You will find that the soap will last much longer if thus cared for. It is the small economies in housekeeping that count.—Table Talk.

Art of Washing Dishes Dishwashing requires two dishes, one in which to wash the dishes and the other for rinsing them, an abundance of heavy linen towels, some lighter ones for glasses, a good dish mop and dishcloths. The dishcloth should be of strong linen. Stair crash is excellent for this purpose, as it will soon become soft enough to be flexible and is very durable. Make these cloths about ten inches long, of narrow crash, and hem them to prevent the edges from fraying when they are put through the laundry.

Put the dishes in hot ends. Use the dish mop freely and transfer them to the other pan to be rinsed. Let this second pan be very large and have a wooden drain fitted in two inches from the bottom, so that the boiling water poured over the dishes will drain off them. This is the best and safest way of draining.

Polish For Full Furniture First thoroughly remove all dust and dirt out of the corners and crevices, then apply the following mixture with a soft rag: Methylated spirit, one and a half parts; raw linseed oil, one part; best white vinegar, one part; shake well and rub it well into the furniture, polishing off with a soft duster. Should the surface look streaky after polishing wash it with a wash leather and clean cold water and polish up again as you would a window. This polish, if properly used, will leave a bright and clean look on the furniture.

USEFUL THINGS TO KNOW Good health requires plenty of fresh air in the sleeping apartments. Lemon juice and raw tomatoes will remove stains from the fingers. Diluted alcohol applied daily will prove beneficial in excessive perspiration.

The juice of an orange in a cup of hot water, taken before breakfast, is healthful and good for indigestion and constipation. Never cut the cuticle surrounding the nails; press back daily and the flesh will stay in place, showing the pretty white moons.

For a discolored neck apply emery in strips, binding on during the night; in the morning wash off and rub well with cold cream. For calloused places on the hands or feet rub with cold cream or vaseline and then with the toilet powder; the hard places will soon disappear. Filing the nails to keep them the right shape and length is better than cutting. The palm of the hand is the best nail polisher, the chamise nail buffer comes next and should be used when a polishing powder is applied to the nails.

In endeavoring to keep the hair light, the use of too much borax and soda tends to make the hair harsh and broken. When such results follow, abandon the use of the soda, apply a good tonic and rub the roots nightly with white vaseline or olive oil.

The old-fashioned remedy of taney and buttermilk that our grandmothers used is again coming into favor. If the green taney can be gotten put a handful of the leaves in a quart of buttermilk. Where the dried taney is used steep an ounce of the leaves in a quart of hot water; after the water cools add a pint of buttermilk.

When furs are made over, insist upon having all pieces no matter how small, returned since even tiny pieces are available for use on hats and fancy waists. Old (clean) carpets or sacks spread over the potatoes will keep them from turning yellow, but the bin or barrel in which they are stored must be well ventilated. A few drops of turpentine on a wooden cloth will clean tan shoes very well, and a drop or two of orange or lemon juice will give a brilliant polish to any leather. At a ceremonious dinner it is often pleasant to have another gentleman opposite the host since it is more agreeable to have a waiter and waitresses alternately seated. If a small piece of fresh raw meat is put in the center of a sheet of sticky flypaper and laid on the floor, all the flies in the house will be attracted to it and the paper will hold them. Badly tarnished silver will brighten quickly if immersed for a time in a poisonous preparation of one ounce of cyanide of potassium to one quart of soft water. Rub dry with soft woolen cloth. A medicated oil, very useful when baby has a cold, is made by cooking equal portions of lard and sliced onions. When cooled, strain through cheesecloth and keep in a closely-covered jar in a cool place.

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A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.		A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.
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